

Daily Eagle

A NEWSPAPER CLIPPING.

"Twice the clipping from a paper
Telling of some funny case
On the stage;
So I read it every day
Saying that I'd seen no better
For an age.
Then I turned the clipping over
With no purpose to discover
What was there.
But in smiling contemplation
Of the humorist's creation,
I read and read.
As I looked I knew I started
And the smile from lips departed.
For I saw
Printed there in small column,
Notices of death, sad, solemn,
Full of care.
So I thought, came grief and pleasure,
Mixed with equal measure;
You may laugh,
For some other one is weeping,
For the tear is smiling weeping
O'er her hair."
—Columbian Dispatch.

MUTINY ON A GOLD SHIP.

It was our last Friday night at Castle Bluff boarding school. Most of the girls were gone, and the few who lived in or around New York, and were obliged to remain until Saturday morning, were counting the hours of captivity.

It was a dismal night. The rain beat a ceaseless tattoo upon the piazza roof, while the heavy clouds scraped an accompaniment upon the waves; the wind whistled shrilly, and every now and then, as it stifled, we could hear the roar of the breakers at Fort Hope. We were huddled together, seven girls, in the study parlor, grumbling because the evening train for New York was an express, and so did not stop at Castle Bluff.

"I would have cut the closing exercises and taken the 2 o'clock train if the 'General' would have let me," said Sarah Priest, frowning.

"The General" was our name for our principal, Mrs. M., whose imposing carriage suggested the title which Dickens bestows on one of his characters.

"Our scandalous friend seems so to-night," I remarked mischievously. "What entertainment would your Reverence be pleased to entertain?" I added, turning to Sarah. The poor girl had to answer to a great many punning variations of her name. Indeed, we had her school names. Mine was "Gaul," given me by my class in "Caesar's Commentaries" as an improvement on "Frances," otherwise Frances, Maria Walsh, the most diminutive girl in school, was "Cardiff Giant," abbreviated to "Cardie"; Jennie Shepherd was known as "Shepherdess";

"(Repeat) Bertha Hein, who was always 'Willie' was 'Bertha'; 'Lina' Chamberlain, a high-spirited, independent girl, was called 'Liberty'."

"I had been reading aloud from 'Our Mutual Friend,' but finding my audience too restless to listen, I closed the book and walked to the window."

"No one to watch for the steamer to-night, girl," I said. "You couldn't catch the Great Eastern a week's length away."

"Oh, how absurd!" remarked Jennie. "Have you been taking lessons of Mrs. Jones?"

"Well, I'm not so sure that it wouldn't be a good idea to have a lesson from Mrs. Jones," I said. "What do you say to one of her 'goodbye' yams, as she calls them?"

"Just the thing," exclaimed Alice. "Let's go to tell us a real live blood-and-thunder-yarn-money-or-your-life pirate story."

"Run along and prepare her, Gaul," said Edith, Alice's cousin. "We will follow in a procession."

"Come, girls," cried Alice, "form a line. Choose partners! But as for me," she said, "I'll follow you, give me liberty, or give me death!"

"I was found the matron sitting before a little wood fire, working a cushion for a fair."

"It was almost equal to a voyage around the world to go into Mrs. Jones's room. On the mantel and shelves were foreign shells and various kinds of coral, from the most delicate brain coral of the West Indies to the delicate pink specimens from the Mediterranean Sea; also stuffed birds, like one from Australia and Spanish souvenirs. Over a photograph of William, castle the States and British mingled their folds with those of the Union Jack. Above the fireplace a colored lithograph of H.M.S. Three Jolly Tarshewich, although represented as sailing before a "large" wind on a heavy sea, had all her sails set."

"A Jones was fond of young people, and glad to relax the strict rules of school discipline."

"Is that you, Miss Bailey?" said she. "Come in, and Miss Tress, too. How many girls are there of you?" she asked, catching sight of a line in the hall.

"We are seven," said Alice, as we distributed ourselves about the room.

"I wish there were twice as many!" said the matron, with one of her genial laughs. "I suppose you are all going to be off duty and gone with that examining board for the term."

"In what country were you born, Mrs. Jones?" I asked, partly to set the ball rolling and partly to utter a disguised point.

"In no country," answered the lady. "I'm the woman 'without a country.'" After enjoying our periphrasis for a while she added, "I was born on the high seas."

"But of what nationality are you?" I persisted.

"I can hardly tell you, my dear," rejoined Mrs. Jones. "Perhaps African, as much as any, for I was born at sea off Cape de Good Hope. My father was an English sea captain, and he married my mother, who was a Spanish lady, in Madrid."

"I lived on board ship—the Three Jolly Tarshewich—until I was 16, so you see that picture in a view of my birthplace and early home. My father was captain of that vessel for twenty-eight years."

"When I was 16 I was married in England, and went to housekeeping in Australia. I married a sea captain and made many voyages with him, so that much of my life has

been passed on shipboard. It would really seem as though I had to see the living on land, if my husband and children were alive and could be with me."

"But isn't it dreadfully monotonous—the same thing, day after day?" inquired Jennie.

"Dear, no!" said the matron. "If you are not a sea passenger, you can't have as much home life on shipboard as anywhere. As to monotony, the sea is the most variable thing in the world, hardly alike two days in succession."

"Didn't you ever meet any nice pirates or buccaniers on board, or anything of that sort, you know?" Alice remarked persistently.

Mrs. Jones laughed. "Not exactly," she said; "but we had a bit of a scare on one voyage. Perhaps you would like to hear about that?"

We gathered around, and she began: "My husband was captain of the Bonanza, a ship running between Melbourne and Liverpool, some twenty-five years ago. I shall never forget the first voyage I made with him. Vessels did not go so fast then as they do now, and I remember that we were just five months and three days from Phillips' dock, Liverpool."

"Our freight was gold dust for the return trip, and the worst of it was that we could get a crew only of convicts. Our own sailors caught the gold fever, which was running very high then, and while the ship was lying at Melbourne ran away to the gold fields to prospect for themselves. These convicts were old sailors who had been transported for crime, but who had served out their terms and wished to return to England by seeking their passage. David—his name was David's name—said we could do no better than to take them, and he hadn't the slightest fear that they would make any trouble; they were too anxious to get back to England."

All seemed to go well for a while, but after we had been out for some time, it seemed to my husband as if the Bonanza was a little off her bearings; so the first bright day he took an observation. He was shut up for about an hour making the calculations. When he came out I saw by his face that something was wrong. He went aft and spoke to some of the men, and he had found that the Bonanza was off her bearings, sure enough. The man at the wheel told him that she wouldn't mind her helm—that she was water logged. This got about among the passengers, and they began to be nervous; so my husband announced that he would make an examination, and invited two of the passengers to accompany him into the hold. They went down into the lower hold, where the ballast is stowed, and found the ship was all right. The captain sent the boatswain aloft to give out through the trumpet that the report was false.

"After that I could see that David was uneasy, although I did not then understand why."

"I awoke one night just before seven bells struck. When I heard the bells, I knew that it was only half past 3, and was trying to get to sleep again, when my ears, which are exceptionally quick, caught a peculiar scraping sound under the berth. There would not seem to be anything alarming about this, for most ships are full of rats, but the fact was, that the gold tank was built into the ship just under the captain's berth, the only entrance being by a trap door. If this scraping came from the tank, it could not be rats, for no rat who had any respect for his teeth would be likely to experiment on the zinc lining. A few nights afterward I heard the noise again, and felt sure it was some sharp instrument working on a metallic surface. I awakened David, but he could not hear anything, and said that it must be my imagination."

"Soon after this, I noticed that a curious change had come over Arnie, our cabin boy. His whole name was Arnold McIntyre. He was really very young for the place, but I had found out that his appearance and indeed my husband to take him. This was the boy's first trip. His father had been a prosperous squatter in Australia, a Scotchman by birth, and a fine man."

"One night the father was awakened by the barking of the dogs, and on going to the door found a group of black rascals surrounding the house. They evidently knew that he had been selling cattle that day and had brought home a large sum of money. It is not likely that they intended to harm him, for it was only the money that they were after, but he showed signs and knocked two of them down."

"Well, the end of it was that the poor Scotchman got a bullet through his head, and the bush rangers rode away with everything valuable. Mrs. McIntyre was never the same again. She lost her wit, let the baby fall on its head in consequence of which it did not long afterward, and she took no notice of Arnie. He was a bright, clever lad, and seemed a pity that he should go to destruction, so we took care of him. He was very fond of us, and I took great pleasure in teaching him, for he was very grateful and a quick scholar."

"All at once, as I said, a great change seemed to have come over him. He came into the cabin one morning as white as a piece of canvas, and I noticed that his arm shook as that he had to carry the captain's coffee cup with both hands. He declared he was well, and seemed to be startled when we spoke suddenly to him; but during breakfast I often noticed that he was gazing at us with an indescribable expression. I have seen something like it in the face of a dumb animal when it is trying to vainly make itself understood by human beings."

"I was sitting on deck with my work, one pleasant morning soon after, when, happening to need a book which was below, I sent Arnie down to get it. When he handed it to me there was a fold of paper between the leaves; a single word was scrawled upon it—'Beware!'"

"That day when we had finished our dinner, the captain rose in his place and made a short speech. He said something like this: 'Ladies and gentlemen, I wish to have a few straight words with you. I do not wish to cause alarm, and hope there are no occasions for any, but I think it best that there should be a fair understanding between us, as to how matters stand. I have reason to believe that all is not right on board—that there is mischief brewing among the crew. If I can have the support of the passengers I feel sure that I can manage the men. There must be no panic among you. It is absolutely necessary that all be calm, watchful and self-controlled. I believe that you will be. I think I can trust you and shall expect you to sustain me. We will look this danger in the face, and we shall see whether a dozen true Englishmen can be covered by a gang of convicts!'"

"The speech had the effect my husband desired. The passengers felt that he trusted to their honor and courage, and the gentlemen all promised to be ready to stand by him in any emergency. The captain had all hands piped on deck, and we followed. The crew were a hard looking set of fellows, most of them, with rough, unshaven, scarred faces, and they glowered at the captain from under their heavy eyebrows like wild beasts."

"My husband was not much of an orator, but when a man looked it up he was tall, if he ever can, and I assure you he laid down the law to those men in words they could understand."

"There is not a man of you," he said, "who dares look me in the eye and say that he has received anything but fair play from me, or the commanding officers, since he shipped on the Bonanza. Your past lives have not been such as would lead a man to put confidence in you. The world has not been the better for your living in it, but I have treated you as if you were the most honorable men in England. You have had a chance to show us that you were something more than a pack of liars, yet you have not. Now, how have you returned this? I will tell you! You mean mischief! I understand this as well as you do. Your plot is known to me, and the time has come for you to give an account of it. You will find that I am not a man to be

trifled with. I am master of this ship, and I intend to remain so. The Bonanza is freighted with gold dust, and I shall defend her with my life! I command you all, as true British sailors, to bring forward your arms and lay them on the deck!"

"You may not know that it is against the shipping articles for sailors to carry arms on the first voyage, but when a man has ships before the mast is, 'Have you any weapons?'"

"There was silence among the men when the captain ceased. We could hear the soft flapping of the sails overhead, and the occasional scraping of a bed, as some one eased his muscles by shifting his position from one foot to the other. I was standing by the main shrouds and remembering counting the rattles over and over, to help keep my self control. It seemed a brief lifetime to me, but I suppose it was hardly thirty seconds before four men came forward and laid down their pistols. Not another man stirred. I saw my husband's face reddened and his eyes flash angrily."

"Is no one else true?" he shouted.

"I began to tremble lest he should lose his self control."

"He called for some chalk. Chalk is always kept on board for whitening spots when a ship comes into port. He stood down and began to draw two lines across the deck in front of him. Suddenly there was a sharp click. My husband had drawn a pistol and cocked it. An instant after he rose to his feet and cried in a voice like thunder, 'You may walk up to that first line and lay down your arms, but if any man crosses the second line I'll shoot him dead!'"

"I closed my eyes, but when I looked again I could hardly see the top of the captain for the bows knives and pistols that covered it."

"The captain called the sailmaker and whispered a word in his ear. He went back and came up with the iron. The passengers laid a hand, and in a few minutes we had the ringleaders provided for."

"Then the captain thought of Arnie. He said, 'I understand you have got Arnie in tow. Bring him up.' He was brought up, pale as death."

"Now," says the captain, "you've got to tell us all you know about this business."

"The child's lips quivered. 'If I do they will kill me,' he said."

"You shan't be touched," said the captain. Still Arnie was afraid to speak. He was trembling in every limb. He was such a little fellow his head did not reach up to my shoulder. It was the hardest work to make him tell what he knew. David had to promise that he should stay in the cabin all the way, and at last he told the whole story and we found everything to be just as he said. He had heard it all while lying in his bunk, and the men bound him by a dreadful oath to secrecy, and swore they would murder him and throw his body overboard if he should betray them. He believed they would, but he felt that he must warn us. He tried to tell the captain, but he could not make him understand, and had given me the scrap of paper as a last resort."

"The convicts had a large supply of weapons, and had ordered the steersman to turn the ship from her course little by little, intending to mutiny and take possession of her. They wished to take her to some strange port and leaving us to our fate."

"Arnold told which men had weapons in their lockers, and which the boys were, and the captain sent and seized the arms. He told us, also, that the ship's cutlasses, which had seemed in good condition at the last inspection, had been deprived of their blades, so that, as we found, only the sheaths and handles remained, and we could not have used them for our defense."

"The boy also told us that two or three attempts had been made to cut through the gold tank, and on examining, we discovered several places at the side where some sharp instrument had been used. This explained the thing sound I had heard twice."

"Arnie saved our lives, and you may be sure we did not forget it."

"We reached England in safety, and before landing the passengers made up a handsome purse for the boy. He was sent to a good school and well educated, and today Arnold McIntyre is an officer in the royal navy and one of the finest men in his majesty's service."—Frances Stoughton Bailey in St. Nicholas.

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THE KEEN EYED LINEMAN.
The other day I was watching some men removing telegraph poles from the streets, and I remarked to a bystander, concerning a man who was on top of a tall, swaying pole: "That's a brave man." "Yes," he replied. "They are plucky fellows, all the linemen, but the most remarkable thing about them is their vision. A line hunter has no better eye than a competent lineman. The city poles are high and the wires are far from the pavement, yet a lineman can walk at fair speed along the curb and follow with his eye a wire that has been sent to repair, under confusing conditions, and detect the place where it has been crossed. Now, I suppose, the subway will develop a man with an organism so sensitive that by touch he can tell between which man holes the circuit is broken."—The Epoch.

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